

from the Cincinnati News. **PRACTICAL JOKES AND BAD LIQUOR.** BY THE EX-FRENCH EDITOR.

It is a well known fact that oftentimes both those jokes which are called "practical"—and the liquor which is termed "bad"—have been productive of exceedingly evil consequences; but whether the liquor or the joke has done the most mischief, we are not called upon just now to determine. We propose to make mention of an affair where both liquor and a practical joke were productive of the very best consequences imaginable.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was one of its Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, to frequent excesses. In traveling the Circuit it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening Court, to get "comfortably corned," by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the Spring of the year, taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old fashioned, but strong "carry-all," that he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where "Court" was to be opened next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his "better half," by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a singular honor. After supper Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "it is quite a long time since we have all gathered together—let us take a drink all round." Of course, Sterritt, (addressing the landlord) you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog."

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the regions of midnight the Judge wended his very devious way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock of Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of abstinence and abstinence, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly—what's the use of talking?" It was at this precise instant of time, that the Judge, having put on his eye-glass, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable, he exclaimed—

"My God! Polly—what's the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at these spoons."

"Dear me, where did you get them?"

"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?"—extending them towards her—"I stole them."

"Stole them, Judge?"

"Yes, stole them."

The following eloquent passage is from a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States during the last session of Congress, by Mr. Hannegan from Indiana. We do not know when we have read a more truly eloquent passage—

"As to the causes of this war, I shall not enter into them; its justice or its injustice, in my opinion, have but little to do with its prosecution, when the aim on all sides is to prosecute, with the sake of a speedy termination. One thing, however, I may in justice remark, that, unless refuted, the assignment of causes made by the President in his opening message, must secure to us the verdict of posterity. But, be this as it may, one thing is certain, we are engaged in war with an obstinate enemy, and during its continuance I feel bound by the highest sense of honor to contribute, by every means in my power, to the success of my country's arms, and the humiliation and overthrow of the enemy. I stop not to ask the approval of casuists, when my heart bids me to know only my own country in the contest; and I fervently trust that God may forever crown her eagle banner with victory, whenever and wherever her arms may be pitted in battle."

Never may his glorious folds, dimmed and discolored with the blood of its soldiers, trail in the dust. I should deplore an unjust or an aggressive war as much as any man; I would leave no proper means untried for an accommodation; to secure peace, I would yield everything but honor; but while war is lasted, I would strain every sinew, exert every nerve of the nation to impress the enemy and the world with the terror of our arms. Sir, the hunters-up of conscience cases may approve it or not—I am well assured that this course it is my duty to adopt and pursue. I would not, whilst the gloomy cloud of war hangs over the land, say to the enemy—Go on! You are right—we are wrong! The God of justice is on your side, and his avenging hand will yet deliver you to your toils our soldiers bound hand and foot, so that you may flesh your swords in their bosoms!" Sir, I would not say to our own brave soldiers—March slow—trail your arms—you are engaged in an unjust and unlawful war? No, I would not paralyze their strong arms and valiant hearts in the hour of battle! I would not rob them of the hope of heaven! I would not shrink into the ear of the dying soldier that for him no bright-eyed angels waited above the smoke of the battle—that he must never hope for paradise? No! But I would say to our soldiers—Advance your standard! Wave it high in air! Let its flashing folds make music, when the battle is over, the blaze of victory surround it, or let your lifeless bodies be piled in pyramids on the gory field! Onward in this spirit, or dream no more of the proud wife's kiss, or the mother's blessing and her prayer! For I must confess I do not comprehend the forecast which proposes the withdrawal of our armies, or the trusts which, in advance, that the enemy must attach no Mexican territory to the Union—assail no senator's patriotism! I speak only to what I conceive to be an error of policy, when I say that, in my view, the adoption of any such proposition amounts, in appearance at least, to submission; and that whilst on the one hand they are eminently calculated to encourage the arrogance of Mexico, upon the other they will find no response in the bosom of the United States. Our people will indignantly refuse their sanction to any such policy. The slumbering fires of the nation will be roused at the bare thought of humbling the proud standard of the United States before a barbarian Mexico. Nor, sir, can I participate in that sympathy which I have heard invoked in behalf of Mexico as a sister republic. In the first place, the wrongs she has done us, and our citizens resident within her borders, show no very sisterly affection on her part; and in the next I must confess my want of sympathy with any people where anarchy rules in the name of liberty. Her history is a libel upon republican government. When human sympathy shall follow an insubordination, murder, and bloodshed, then, and not till then, will it be properly invoked for Mexico."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Happy is he who knows a mother's love! What is so pure? The patriot exclaims, fame, the friend sympathy, and the lover pleasure. Even religion, while she waters her face with tears, looks forward to the best fruit of her labors and her love. But maternal affection springs from the breast uninvoked by the world, and is a sister to purity, and interest. Its objects are the weak and the woe. It haunts the cradle of infant pain, or hovers near the couch of the faint and the forsaken. Its sweetest smiles break through the cloud of misfortune, and its gentle tones rise amid the sighs of suffering and of sorrow. It is a lamp and a life of offering, which will cheer the fainting heart, and soothe the sorrows of the heart through selfish designs and sordid passions, the unmingled and unselfish.

WHAT IS SO PURE?—Time and misfortune, penury and persecution, hatred and infamy, may roll their dark waves successively over it, and it smiles unchanged; or the more potent allurements of fortune, power, pride, and power, and yet she is unmoved! A mother "loves and loves forever!"

WHAT IS SO FAITHFUL?—From infancy to age, through good report, the devoirs of maternal affection are shed upon the soul. When heart-stricken and abandoned, when branded by shame, and followed by scorn, and poverty, still open—her breast is still kind. Through every trial that love will follow, cheer us in misfortune, support us in disease, smooth the pillow of pain, and moisten the bed of death!

Happy is he who knows a mother's love!

HARPOONING A DINNER.

In New Orleans, a singular device is practiced, to enable the poor and hungry to raise a dinner. At some of the Restaurants, or *Restaurants*, as they are called in this city, a large iron pot is kept on the fire, or furnace set in the middle of the floor. Around this pot you will see a dozen or two hungry-looking fellows, waiting for their turn at the pot. Each one brings in his loaf of bread, and pays down a half of a dime or piece, and is entitled to plunge a long fork into the boiling pot, in which are hunks of beef and pork, boiling up and down, five or six times, being a cut a throw. If the harpooner strikes no meat, he is still entitled to a bowl of broth, or by crumpling his bread in it, it serves for a pretty good dinner to the hundreds of hard-up gentry to be found in that Crescent city. The fork is well worn by its repeated use, and the points are a little turned up, and the kettle being deep, it is almost impossible to hit a chunk of meat, while they are hobnobbing about. We have seen four or five in succession try it, and they dined on soup. Truly this may be called the *luck of the fork*!

This novel mode of getting a dinner, reminds me of another device they used to have in the west. An old fellow used to stop to get a boat going down the river towards Orleans or St. Louis, and they were not so plenty as fifteen years ago as now. That when water was low, you might lay at Cumberland or a fortnight before you could get off. Well, the old fellow used to keep his house upon the *Insurance principle*. On registering your name, you paid ten dollars, and if a boat came in the next hour, bound your way, you could not reclaim your money; but if no boat came along in a month, you had no more to pay for your board. The old fellow was a jolly landlord and got rich.

The *Password*—Lover tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the password at Foutenoy, when Saxe was Marshal. "The password is Saxe; don't forget it!" said the Colonel to Pat.

"Saxe, and I will not—wasn't my father a miller?"

Who goes there? "cried the sentinel, after he arrived at the post.

Pat looked confidently as possible, and in a sort of whispered howl, replied: "Bags, ye bonor!"

Why has Prince Albert become jealous of Gen. Taylor? Because he has had his arms around Victoria.

FLOORING AND WEATHER BOARDS.

Well dressed, also central and lath, can be at all times had at the Central Planing Mill, which will be delivered to the purchasers on any wharf designated in town, without charge for transportation.

Persons wishing to have lumber planed at said Mill, are furnished with a flat of convenient size free of charge. Apply to the subscriber, two doors north of the Custom House.

FRESH BEER.

JAMES PETTEWAY

FRESH MEATS.

FRESH BEER.

PORK AND LAMB.

BEER, PORK AND LAMB.

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National Loan Fund.

Life Assurance Society of London.

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To the Aiding and Travelling Community.

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